

out climbers to go farther up The Kitten Tree than any baby cat had ever dared to go.

All summer the little cats grew. Fluff and Duff were white with grey spots; Rough was yellow with white spots; Stuff was almost white, round as a barrel and always crying for something to eat; 'Nough was thin and black and very dainty about what he ate; Huff was the quarrelsome kitty, and was always "spitting" at imagined enemies.

All summer long the morning glories grew. Mother Delightful made them a part of her large family, and fed them delicious sudsy dishwater and once a week wash-water from the big laundry tubs. Sweetheart wondered if the blue-water would make the glories bluer. Sometimes Mandy came from the kitchen with a pan of ashes, which she used about the little garden carefully as mother directed her. That was the way the garden was fed.

Sweetheart and the kittens were fed upon cream and milk and corn bread and biscuits and fried chicken. Sometimes a very selfish kitty would carry a small chicken bone into The Kitten Tree, and then there was fun. Sweetheart wanted to climb the tree with her playmates, but the morning glories had quite a notion to climb themselves, and there was not room for them all.

After a while the leaves began to fall. The morning glories gloried out among the branches as long as they dared. Just about the time Jack Frost began to think things about that garden, the little round, brown, shiny seed baskets that the glories left behind them popped open and sprinkled the seeds down at the foot of the tree, and Jack Frost never got so much as a nibble at them. Grandmother gathered the parsley and dried it for winter. Mother brought a cunning little bag and dropped into it the nasturtium seed for another year's planting. Abe cleared away the now useless vines. The kittens had begun to go to the big barn to hunt for mice, so once more The Kitten Tree was left to dream of the days when it had had flowers of its own.

A few months of dear winter and then beautiful spring. The old quince—Sweetheart, I beg your pardon—The Kitten Tree woke up from her dreams and shook herself. Was it true? She had a secret. All through the lovely days she whispered it to her friends the birds, and they sang it aloud to all the world, but no one noticed until one morning when Grandmother Dearest came peering about through her bright glasses.

"I declare for it!" she exclaimed, taking them off and giving them a long rub on her clean white apron to make sure. "If this old tree—hasn't—gone—and—got—buds on it!"

"Buds of what?" asked Sweetheart, who was always somewhere near Grandmother Dearest. "It's my Kitten Tree. I don't want anything on it but kitties and leaves for them to play with, 'cause this year I'm going to climb it myself. There's only three cat babies in the basket and I don't know what to name them."

Mother Delightful came out to feed the chickens and clapped her hands at sight of the clusters of buds. "If it does bear quinces, mother, and the sweet apples

down in the orchard does well, you and I will have the nicest time this fall!"

"And isn't it my Kitten Tree any more?" mourned Sweetheart.

"Surely it is, darling, for it was your Kitten Tree garden that waked the old tree up. The sun and the air and the dishwater and the ashes and all the other things trees love to eat got to its poor hungry roots and gave it an idea that it was good for something in the world, after all. Run now and tell Abe to come and bring his spade and dig about it again. We must not let the glories there this year. We will feed it the best kind of growing-food all summer, wash its dear old trunk and make it right proud of itself and its flower babies. See, Sweetheart! The old cat is bringing her babies out into the sunshine. She is telling them how they will climb The Kitten Tree this summer. Shall mother name them?"

One by one she took the wee cats into her lap. "Quince, you are the biggest, so Quince is your name in honor of the new buds. Sweet Apple, your breath is as sweet as blossoms, so Sweet Apple is your name. Jell, you fat little fellow, you shake all over like grandmother's best wild crab apple jelly, so Jell is your name! There you go! Cat-mother, teach those soft little paws how to climb The Kitten Tree!"

All summer long Quince and Sweet Apple and Jell romped up and down the S-shaped trunk of the old friend of kitten babies. Autumn came again and there were fat quinces in the boughs of the tree. Grandmother and mother put the big preserving kettles over the fire built out-of-doors, and by and by quarts of quince and sweet apple jelly were put down cellar for days to come. The four-legged namesakes, Quince and Sweet Apple and Jell wandered away into the big world after mice and other things cats like to get. But Grandmother Dearest and Grandfather Beloved and Mother Delightful and Sweetheart stayed right on at the farm and loved and cared for everything that grew.—The Interior.

PETER.

Peter lived on the prairie. When he was three years old, the first railway train came through. Uncle Peter carried the small boy to see it.

A boy on the train threw a peach to Peter. He ate it, and laughed with delight.

"Don't throw away the stone," said Uncle Peter; "we'll plant it."

Peter's chubby, brown little hand patted the soft earth over it. That first season he watched the green shoot break through and send out a few leaves. The next season it was tall enough for Peter to jump over it. The next season it was so tall he couldn't.

When Peter was eight years old there were seven peaches on his tree, one for each member of the family, and not one of them had ever tasted anything so good before. He planted all the stones.

Today Peter is a big boy. He has eight well-grown peach trees, which carry health and delight to all the neighborhood. And he has a young orchard coming on, which will some day bring more money than all his father's crop.—The Youth's Companion.